

to the bachelor. He will get what I call the bachelor's dinner ; that is, two hours to have his order prepared, half an hour to be served, and ten minutes to eat it. They will try to keep him around as long as possible. Both types are found in restaurants everywhere. When you go into a restaurant, look around. If you spot either type of group III giving you that lean and hungry look, leave and don't go back—that is, unless you happen to be a woman.

Let It Rain

Phoebe Diane Bowman

IT WAS hot. It was dry. There was no chance of a change. There had been no chance of a change for the last six years. But maybe, the seventh year, the rains would come—they had to come soon. Edgar remembered that in the Bible the slaves were freed in the seventh year ; and Edgar prayed.

He wanted to work in the cotton fields again ; he wanted to sweat the sweat of honest, hard work. He longed to see the white cotton balls silhouetted against the black of the earth. For years his fields had failed to yield a crop because of the lack of rain.

Yes, it was hot even so early in the morning. The mesquite tree, which was thriving in the drought, cast an eerie and frightening shadow across the bedroom floor. Edgar hated the superiority of that tree which could endure the unbearable heat and dryness.

Edgar rolled from his bed and studied the sky ; he searched for a tiny cloud. There was no cloud. He pulled on his blue denim overalls and slid his long, lean feet into high-topped brogans to face another day.

He heard Ruth milling about in the kitchen. A feeling of guilt passed over him. At one time Ruth had been the most beautiful girl in the whole southern part of Texas ; now there was no money to buy face cream or perfume and no money for fancy clothes. Her hands were beginning to crack just like Aunt Ida's after twenty-five years' hard, hard work.

There was not much in the tin-roofed, weather-beaten gray house. There was little water in the well. It was hot and dry and getting hotter. The sun parched the earth.

Slumping to the breakfast table, Edgar ate and felt better. He kissed Ruth on the forehead and left the small ranch.

Today he had a carpenter's job, building a garage for Mr. Bell. Bob Bell wasn't suffering from the drought, for he had struck two oil wells right in his own back yard—two miles from Edgar's place.

Edgar wondered if the black gold gushed beneath the sunbaked acreage of his farm. He knew he couldn't drill in order to find out because that takes money.

All day the sun beat down on Edgar's tired back. Each hour he was more sure that the sun was hotter in Texas than anywhere else in the world. Edgar regretted that he had labored so thoroughly, so

rapidly on the garage; for when this job was done, there was no other for him.

Leaving the garage at quitting time, Edgar walked to the tool shed to put away his tools. In front of him, just at the side of the door, lay two new saws. He could sell them for quite a sum. No one knew that they really belonged to Mr. Bell. Edgar reached for the two saws. The teeth on the saws grinned and sneered at him, beckoning him on. Edgar turned away, ashamed.

He sauntered out into the fresh air. The Bells' palatial mansion towered over him; and he shuddered at the thought that he had drawn himself so far away from his usual good judgment.

The stars were coming out when he got home that night; Ruth was waiting for him at the door. Edgar's pulse raced when he heard her words. The well was dry. God had surely forsaken him.

He would have to go to Mexia for five gallons of drinking water, and water cost money, twenty cents a quart; there was little money, but Edgar would get the water somehow. People can't live without water. He would get the water tomorrow.

That night Edgar did not sleep much. Tossing and turning, he visualized the ranch as it had been when he was a boy. He saw the cotton pickers with their long sacks, pulling the precious, little, fuzzy ball from the plant. He thought of Ruth and decided she could get along better without him; he was going to go away and try to start anew.

In the morning the sky darkened; there was a strong wind. While Edgar picked over his breakfast, there was a loud, crashing noise. It was a familiar noise, but one not heard in a long time by Edgar's ears. He ran outside! There were torrents of rain beating in his face. Rain was gushing over the barren lawn, cutting little rivers in the black, rich soil! There were bucketfuls of rain!

And Edgar fell on his knees and cried.

The Turning Point in My Life

Ted Roche

SEPTEMBER 9, 1952, is the date that marked the turning point in my life. I was admitted to Riley Hospital as a polio patient. I cannot tell what my thoughts were. It seemed like a bad dream; perhaps I would wake up and it would be all over. But it was not a dream. It was the beginning of a long fight back to health along a new and strange path of life that made the world appear as a great wall ready to tumble with the slightest vibration.

After the cessation of the paralyzing effects of the disease, I had a chance to look at the new world that I had been ruthlessly placed in and began to wonder why it had happened to me. But as I looked around, I ceased wondering about myself and began to wonder why those in the beds around mine had to be the victims, also. At that moment the rehabilitation of my own morale had begun. This God-